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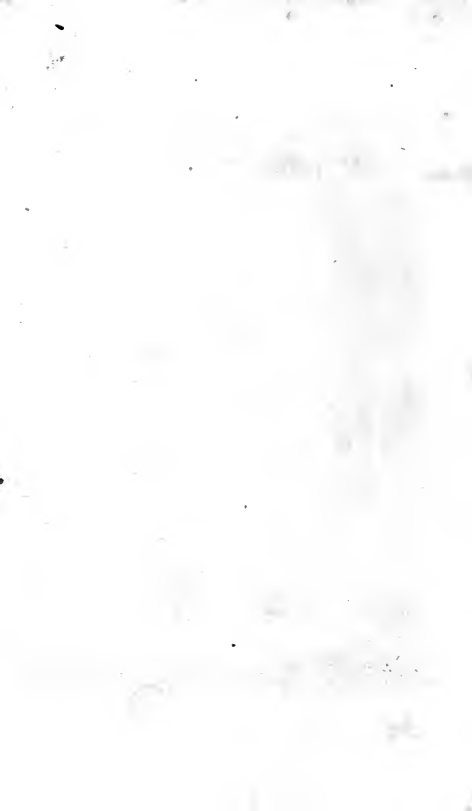
CHILDREN'S BOOK
COLLECTION

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LOS ANGELES



James Goulburn





FRONTISPIECE



They ran into the yard with great glee, quite pleased with the idea of seeing their boats sail along the water.

London, William Darton Jun. May 28 1849

Stories for Children, see page 49.

STORIES FOR CHILDREN ;

CHIEFLY CONFINED TO

WORDS OF TWO SYLLABLES,

BY THE AUTHOR OF
“ *Aunt Mary's Tales.* ”

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STORIES FOR CHILDREN.

I. *The little Girl who did not care for what was said to her.*

LUCY had a very naughty trick of touching whatever she saw, which was often the means of her doing a great deal of mischief. It was in vain to tell her not to meddle with a thing, for the moment she had it in her power to do so, all the charges were forgotten; and she often in a few moments did more harm than could be repaired in many days. It was not that Lucy had a pleasure in doing wrong, but only that she had not learnt to attend to what was said to her, or to deny herself any thing that she wished for. When she found she had given pain to others by what she had done, she often thought she would take care never to do so again;

but the next time she was tempted, she was just as ready as ever to commit the same fault. Her mamma one day caught a very large handsome butterfly, which she told Lucy she wished to copy; and for that purpose she placed it under a glass goblet. Lucy liked very much to look at it, and watch it creep up the sides of the glass, or spread its wings painted with so many fine colours; and she asked her mother if she might stay beside her whilst she copied it. Her mamma told her she was very willing she should stay, if she would take care not to lift the glass, and let the butterfly fly away before she had done with it. Lucy promised not to touch the glass; and had a great deal of pleasure in seeing her mother first draw the shape of the insect with a black lead pencil, and then begin to paint it with pretty bright colours. Whilst she was doing this, she told Lucy a great deal about butterflies. She said that they were first small eggs, and then they became caterpillars which she had often seen creeping on the cab-

bage-leaves. That they fed upon any young tender leaves that they could find, and did a great deal of harm in gardens. As they ate almost constantly, they grew very fast for some time; but at last they became benumbed and stiff, and a hard shell grew over them and they seemed as though they were dead; yet if one were touched it would be seen to move, which showed that the insect within was still alive. After lying in this shell for several weeks, her mother told her they broke it open, and came out pretty butterflies, with long light wings to fly in the air. They only lived a very short time, however,—perhaps not more than a day or two; but before they died they always laid a great many eggs, which would be butterflies the next year. Lucy thought it very strange, that those ugly little crawling caterpillars should ever become pretty butterflies; for she could not imagine how they ever got those silken wings painted with so many fine colours. Her mother told her that the Great Being who made them could change them

in any way he thought fit. That he had made every thing in the world, and that it was in his power to do with them whatever he chose ; it was very easy therefore for him to give them wings, and send them to fly in the air instead of crawling on the ground.

I should like very much to have that butterfly in my hand, said Lucy ;—may I have it when you have done with it, mamma ?

No, my dear, your warm hand would give it pain. Besides, you would rub off those little delicate feathers which make its wings look so very pretty.

Feathers, mamma ! said Lucy. Are they feathers which are on its wings ?

Yes, said her mother ; the same kind of feathers which are on birds. But you shall see them for yourself ; I will go and bring a glass for you to look at them through. It will make them appear so large, that you will be able to see clearly that they are feathers.

As Lucy's mamma said this, she went out of the room to bring the glass : but

the moment she was gone, Lucy—who wished very much to look at the butterfly's wing, to see whether they were really feathers which were on it—had not patience to wait till her mamma came back, but lifted up the glass for the purpose of taking hold of the insect. But the butterfly was more nimble than she was: it raised its light wings, and was off in an instant; and as one of the windows was open, it was flying about in the open air before her mother came back into the room. Lucy felt very much ashamed at what she had done, and very sorry; both for having prevented her mother from finishing her picture, and from having lost the pleasure herself of seeing the butterfly's wing through the glass. She felt sure at the moment that she should never be in such haste to touch any thing again: but Lucy had not yet learned to keep in mind the good things she so often resolved upon.

In the afternoon of the same day she came into the room where her mamma was sitting; when the first thing she saw

was a very large glass jar in the shape of a globe, in which there were a number of very pretty gold and silver fish swimming about. She ran directly to the table on which it stood to look at the fish more nearly. Oh! what pretty little things! When did you get them, mamma? cried she.

They were brought to me as a present this morning, answered her mother.

How very pretty they are! I never saw such fish before; they sparkle just like gold and silver. Where did they come from, mamma? Were they caught in our river?

No; there are no such fish in the rivers in England. They were brought from France.

How quickly they dart through the water! I wonder how they can spring along so, for I cannot see that they touch the sides of the jar to push them forward; and the water is too soft for them to push against it.

They have no need of touching any

thing solid to impel them forward, replied her mother ; for nature has given them the power of darting along merely by moving their tails ; and you see their bodies are made long and narrow, that they may the more easily cut through the water.

I thought it was their fins that gave them the power of swimming, said Lucy.

They are no doubt of some use to them, answered her mother ; but the chief purpose of the fins is to keep them upright in the water ; you see they spread them out and balance themselves with them : if it were not for their fins, they would not be able to keep themselves from turning constantly on their sides.

But look, mamma ! said Lucy ; they can sink to the bottom of the jar, and then rise to the top again in a minute ;— I wonder how they can do that. They seem as if they were very heavy one minute, and quite light the next.

You know, I took you the other day into the kitchen to see the servant fill a

bladder full of air, and then tie it tight up: and that after it was filled with air it was so light, that it lay upon the top of some water without sinking down in the least.

Yes, mamma, I know very well;—but what of that?

These and all other fish have a bladder of the same kind in their insides, which they can either fill or empty when they choose. If they wish to sink down to the bottom of the water they draw the air out of it, and then they are so heavy that they go to the bottom in an instant; and when they wish to rise, they swell it out again and come to the top, which they often do for the sake of fresh air.

I thought fish did not need any air, said Lucy.

All animals must breathe some air, or else they could not live, replied her mother. But some of them are able to draw a greater quantity in at once, which serves them for a longer time. We, you know, need to draw in fresh air at almost

every breath, because we can only take in a very small stock at once. We swell our lungs out with one breath, and empty them again the next; but fishes can breathe a long time from the same air, or else they would not be able to live in the water, for no air can come to them there.

Yes, I know, said Lucy, that any other kind of animal when it is put into the water very soon dies; and I have often wondered how it was that fish could live there when nothing else could.

Fish are not the only animals which are able to live in the water, answered her mother; there are some which are able to live either on land or in the water: they are called amphibious animals. I do not know whether you can think of that word again; it is rather a hard one. But it means animals which can live either on the land or in the water. There is a very curious creature of this kind called a beaver, which I will tell you about some day when you have been a good girl, and

never touched any thing the whole day that you were told not to touch.

Will you not tell me about it now, mamma? I have not meddled with anything to-day that you told me not to touch.

Have you so soon forgotten the butterfly? said her mother.

Oh! dear, said Lucy, blushing; I forgot that. And yet indeed, mamma, I was sorry for having let the butterfly go before you had done with it.

I wish, my dear, you did not forget your sorrow so soon; it would save both yourself and me a great deal of pain.

Well, to-morrow I dare say I shall not touch any thing that I ought not to meddle with—and then will you tell me about the beaver, mamma?

Yes, said her mother; you know I always have a pleasure in telling you any thing that will either instruct or amuse you, and I am sure the account of the beaver will do both.

Lucy, as she listened to her mamma, had almost forgotten the gold and silver fish.

She now turned to them again, and watched them with greater pleasure than ever, as they rose and fell in the water, or scudded round and round the jar, since she now knew better how it was that they did it. She began to think she should like to know how long they could live out of the water, for she could not think after all but what it must be much nicer to be out of water than in it.

Her mamma was gone out of the room, and she thought she might just take one of them out for a few minutes to try how it seemed to like it; she could put it in again as soon as ever she chose, if she found that it did not seem happy. Her mamma had told her before she left the room, to be sure not to do any thing to hurt them, and so she would take care: she would be very sorry to hurt them, she liked them too well for that. I only want to see if they look as pretty out of the water as in it, said she to herself, and to try how they like to be in the open air. Mamma says they could not live out of water; and perhaps they could not

always, but a very short time surely could not hurt them; I am sure a minute could do them no harm, and I could have time enough in a minute to see how they look, and to watch how they draw in the air which is to serve them for such a long time. Well, I think I will try; I have only to put in my hand and take one of them out, and then pop it in again as soon as ever I have looked at it. Let me see which I must take? That large gold one I think I will have, for I should like to know whether it looks as bright and yellow out of the water as it does in it.

On trying, however, to put her hand into the jar, she found it was too high for her, she could not reach to the top of it. How was she to manage? Her best way, she thought, would be to jump upon the table. She therefore put her hands upon it, and made a good spring; but alas! she was heavier than the table, and in a moment it overturned, the glass jar slid along the sloping top, and in a minute was dashed to pieces on the floor.

Lucy had now plenty of time to see how

the poor little fishes liked to be out of the water : but it was all lost upon her ; and they lay flapping their little sides against the floor and gasping for breath, without her being able to think of any thing but her mamma's grief and anger. Her mother at this moment returned, and Lucy felt as if she would sink to the ground with shame at the sight of her.

My poor little fish, cried her mother—have you so soon come to an end ? She pulled the bell in a great hurry, and ordered the servant to bring a bowl of water to put them in ; but before the bowl was brought the poor little things had ceased to breathe, and lay flat and lifeless on the carpet.

Now, Lucy, said her mother, you see you have a second time to-day deprived me of a great deal of pleasure, by yielding to a fault of which you have a hundred times promised to cure yourself. You cannot wonder if I resolve to trust you no longer. Go therefore into your own room, and if you must still do mischief, let it be amongst

your own things ; I cannot allow you any longer to come amongst mine.

Oh ! mamma, said Lucy, the tears running down her cheeks—for she was really grieved for what she had done, as well as at her mamma's displeasure—if you would but be so good as forgive me this one time, I am sure I shall never offend you again ; for I can never forget that I have killed your pretty little fishes.

I have trusted to your promise and agreed to forgive you so often, answered her mother, that I can do it no longer ; I insist therefore upon your going into your own room, and staying there till I give you leave to come out again.

Lucy durst not disobey ; she left the parlour without another word, and went straight to her own room. As she had both books and playthings there, she might have been happy enough, if it had not been for the thought of having been so naughty, and of her mother's displeasure ; for she loved her mamma very dearly, and was never happy when she was angry with her.

In vain, therefore, she tried either to read or play; the gasping and dying fish, and her mother's look when she saw them lying on the floor, were constantly present to her mind, and made her unable to take any pleasure. How naughty I was to think of touching them! said she within herself. Even if I could have done it without hurting them, it was wrong, after mamma had told me not; but I will take care never to touch any thing again when she forbids me—that I am resolved upon. Dinner-time arrived, and Lucy soon after heard her father's voice in the lobby. Perhaps, thought she, papa may persuade mamma to forgive me. And if he does, Oh! how good I will be! I shall let them see how grateful I am for their kindness. I hear Betty coming upstairs, I dare say she is coming to tell me I may go down: papa often says, he does not like to sit down to dinner without his little girl.—But, no! she soon found that was not the case.

The servant came to bring her a dinner of dry potatoes, and to tell her that her

papa was so angry at her, that he would not allow her to have any thing else to eat. Lucy did not care for dining off dry potatoes; but she cried as if her heart would break, to think of being in disgrace with her father also. What a naughty girl I am to displease such a very kind papa and mamma! said she; I dare say papa thinks I do not love my mamma, or I would not have killed the little fish she was so fond of. But I am sure I do love her very dearly, and shall never be happy till she forgives me.

In this way the whole day was spent; and she was obliged when night came to go to bed without being allowed to say "Good night" to her father and mother. I am sure I cannot forget again that I have done mischief, by touching what I had no business with. She dreamt all night about her mamma looking angry, and about her papa telling her he did not love her, for behaving so ill to so kind and good a mother; and she awoke in the morning very uneasy. Before she was quite dressed, however, her

mamma came into the room. I hope, Lucy, said she, you have had time enough to think of your fault, and resolve to get the better of it.

Oh! yes, mamma, cried the little girl; I have been very unhappy ever since you sent me away from you, and shall never be happy again till you forgive me.

But I am afraid, Lucy, as soon as ever I forgive you, you will forget that you have ever been unhappy, and be as ready as ever to do the same thing again.

Oh! no, mamma, I am sure I shall not; I shall never forget that I killed the little fishes that you were so fond of.

Then you may come down to breakfast as soon as you are dressed, and I will give you another trial.

Lucy was not long before she obeyed:—she felt very much ashamed when her father spoke to her about the manner in which she had behaved; but as soon as he had done speaking on the subject, and began to smile and talk to her in his usual way, Lucy was quite happy again, and the broken jar and

the gold and silver fish were scarcely ever thought of more.

After breakfast, her mamma took a number of dried plants out of a press, and began to arrange them in order on sheets of paper. Lucy asked her if she might stay and watch her whilst she was busy with them; and her mamma told her she should be very glad of her company, if she might depend upon her not touching any of the flowers, which were so dry that if they were not touched very gently indeed, they were sure to break. Lucy told her mother she might depend upon her not touching them; and she stood a long time watching her mamma, and asking questions about the flowers; and as her mother had something to tell her about each of them as she took it up, Lucy was very much amused. —Just as the flowers were all laid upon sheets of paper, and her mother was going to write their names, a servant came to tell her she was wanted.

Now, Lucy, said she, I am afraid to leave you in this room, lest you should

begin to meddle with my flowers. I must therefore desire you to leave the room before I do.

Oh! try me, mamma, said the little girl, and you shall see I have cured myself.

I should be very glad to see that, said her mother; but do not forget that I shall be very angry if my flowers are injured,—and I will give you another trial. Her mother then left the room; and Lucy stood looking at the flowers, and feeling very proud of having cured herself of her fault. Mamma does not need to be afraid of leaving me again with any thing, thought she; for I can stand and look at these flowers, without ever putting my hand to one of them. Mamma has often said, People have great merit when they cure themselves of a fault. Now I have cured myself of a fault; so I think she will say I have great merit when she comes in again.

Lucy did not take into account that she was very little tempted to touch these flowers, for they all lay spread out and

quite open to her view. She could see them quite as well lying thus before her, as if she had held them in her hand, and therefore she had very little motive for taking them up. Had there been any part about them that she wished to examine and could not do so without touching them, we are afraid poor Lucy's good resolves would not have been much to be depended upon. As it was, however, she kept her word. Look, mamma, said she, as soon as her mother came again into the room—look how I have stood with my hands behind my back all the time you have been away; I have not so much as touched the table.

I am glad of it, answered her mother. That is one effort towards curing yourself of a bad fault; and every trial you make will be a source of pleasure to you.

Yes, I am sure it will, said Lucy; for I feel far better pleased now than if I had taken up every one of the flowers. I am quite cured now, mamma; you must not call me a meddling little girl any more.

I wish I may never have any reason, my dear, said her mother, smiling to see how sure Lucy felt that her fault was cured; but I am afraid you will need to have more lessons before you learn to lay it quite aside.

I wish papa would come in, that he might hear that I have stood such a long time without touching any thing. Would not he be very much pleased to hear it, mamma?

I am sure he would. It must always give both him and me a great deal of pleasure to see you improve in any thing that is good.

When will he come in again, do you think? asked Lucy.

Not before dinner-time, I believe, my dear.

Oh! what a long time that will be! But, however, I hope you will not forget to tell him, mamma.

You may depend upon it I shall not forget, said her mother;—and now if you choose you may go into the garden with

me. This Lucy was sure to choose; and away she ran, hop, skip, and jump before her mother, pleased and happy at the thought of having done what was right. Whilst her mamma was busy sowing some flower seeds, Lucy amused herself with running about and peeping into all the queer corners, as she called them. Having been shut up in her room almost the whole of the day before, she enjoyed the garden more than usual. She thought she never had seen it look so pleasant; and she often said to herself, How much better it is to be able to enjoy this nice garden, than to be naughty, and be obliged to spend the whole day alone in a bed-room!

After running about for some time with great glee, she came to her mother in haste, and begged she would go and look at something she had just found. It is a very queer-looking thing, said she, almost like a large ball; and it hangs from one of the branches of a rose-bush. I would have tried to get it off, and have brought it to you, but only I wished to let you

see I could do without touching it. Will you go and look at it, mamma?

Certainly, my dear, said her mother;— and away they both went, Lucy running forward to show the place. Now here it is, mamma, said she, pointing to one of the lower branches of a rose-bush; is it not a very queer-looking thing?

It is very well, Lucy, said her mother, that you did not indulge your usual desire of touching; for if you had taken that ball from the tree, you would both have got yourself very much hurt, and have spoiled the dwelling of a great many little animals, that are so clever as to have made that house for themselves. This is a wasp's nest; and if you knew how the little creatures contrive to make it, you would look at it, I am sure, both with delight and wonder.

But wasps, mamma, are very little things; I have often seen them flying about: I cannot think how they manage to make so large a house for themselves as this is.

Some insects, which are still smaller, are able to build houses a very great deal

larger than this is, replied her mother. Even such little things as ants, are in some countries known to build themselves houses as high as I am; but even that does not make me wonder more than I do at this little wasps' nest, when I think of the skill which is shown in making it.

I think, mamma, it looks as if it was made of brown paper. Is that really what it is made of?

It is a sort of paper, to be sure; but what is very strange, Lucy, the little creatures made that paper themselves.

Did they indeed, mamma? Are you sure of that? Did you ever see them making it?

I have seen them at their work many times, and many others have done the same; and they, after having seen much better than I ever did the way in which these little wasps build their nests, have been so good as to write an account of it, that others also might know it.

I wonder how they do it, said Lucy. I should like very much to know.

Do you know any thing about the man-

ner the paper-makers went to work, that your papa took you to see a short time ago? asked her mother.

Yes, answered Lucy: I know that they made the paper of old linen which was torn and beaten all to pieces, and then squeezed in a press, till it was made into a thin smooth sheet; and then it was hung up to dry. But then, mamma, the little wasps cannot get any old linen to make their paper of.

They cannot, it is true, said her mother; but they can get something which serves their purpose quite as well.

What is that, mamma?

The fibres, or threads, of old wood. You know when very old wood is scraped, it comes off in small threads or fibres. Now these threads the wasps scrape off with their little jaws; and when they have got a number of them, they work them together with their jaws and feet into a sort of paste, just as you saw the paper-makers work and beat the old linen; and then they carry it off to the place

where they intend to build their nest. When they get it there, they spread it out with their jaws, and tongue, and legs, till it is as thin as a sheet of the finest paper.

Dear me! said Lucy, whose eyes were fixed upon the wasps' nest with a look of great surprise, how hard they must work before they get such a large piece of paper made! How tired their little jaws and legs must be!

They are very happy in the work, I have no doubt, said her mother; for all kind of creatures, from a wasp to a man, are happy when busy with work that is useful. But if you wonder, Lucy, to think of their having made one piece of paper, you will wonder still more, when I tell you that what you see on the outside is only a very small part of their labour.

They know that one sheet of paper would not be enough to keep the rain out of their houses, and therefore they take care to have a great many sheets, one a little way off the other. I have no doubt there are as many as fifteen or sixteen

sheets, one within another, in that little nest before us; and then after all it is divided into little cells, for their young ones to live in.

Oh! mamma, said Lucy, I think you must surely mean to cheat me when you tell me that.

My dear Lucy, you may depend upon it I will never cheat you, or tell you any thing that I am not quite sure is true. I should not love you if you told me what was not true; you may be sure, therefore, that I will never set you the example.

But, mamma, I should think it would take a longer time than these little wasps have to live, to do such a very great deal of work.

There are a great many of them; and you know "many hands make quick work." It takes them several months, however, and they seldom live above a few weeks after it is done, to enjoy the dwelling which has cost them so much labour. The winter soon comes on, when they almost all die; and even the few who live

over the winter always leave their old nest in the spring.

Then what do they build it for, asked Lucy, if they make so little use of it?

As a shelter for their young during the cold of winter, answered her mother; for parents, you know, never think any thing too much trouble which is to do their children good. But were those young ones to remain in the same nest which their parents had built, you know they would have nothing to do, and on that account would be less happy than their parents.—But I have talked to you a long time about this wasps' nest, and had almost forgotten that I too have work to do. But before I go, let me tell you that you must be sure not to disturb these little creatures; for though so clever, and quite harmless if left alone, they are not very good-natured when offended.—Lucy's mamma then left her; and after she was gone, the little girl stood for some time in deep thought, with her eyes fixed upon the wasps' nest.

Dear me ! thought Lucy, can it really be as mamma says, that there are fifteen or sixteen sheets of paper in that nest ! Mamma said she should be very sorry to tell me what was not true ; but then she may be mistaken. I wish I could see the inside, and then I should be quite sure. Mamma says the wasps always leave their nests in the spring, so that I might, to be sure, get this nest then. But I should like to see it just now. It is such a long time to wait till the spring : I wish I could take it down and look into it at this moment. Mamma said I must not touch the nest, for wasps were not very good-natured, and I have often heard of their stinging. But supposing one of them was to come to sting me, I am a great deal bigger and stronger than a wasp, and could soon kill it. I do think I might venture to knock the nest off the bush, and then after it is knocked off the wasps would fly out, and I could take up the nest and look at it. Besides, they would never know that it was I who had

knocked down their house, so that they would not think of hurting me for it. Well, I have fixed my mind upon having a peep at the inside, and I am sure I can manage a little wasp, let it be ever so angry at me.

As Lucy said this, she took up a large stick, and gave the nest as hard a knock as ever she could. She did not, as she had expected, knock the nest off the branch on which it was fastened; but she gave such an alarm to its little inmates, that in an instant they flew out as fast as ever the size of the hole would allow them; and after ranging about for a while as if in search of the person who had given them offence, they all seemed as by one accord, to fix upon Lucy. Hands, face and neck, were soon covered; and as she tried to beat them off, sting after sting was pierced into her skin. In an agony of fear and pain she stamped and screamed, but the more she tried to knock off the angry insects, the more they assailed her. A hundred times did Lucy wish

she had attended to what her mamma had said, and never touched the nest. She tried to run away; but they flew much swifter than she could run, and they seemed as though their anger would never have an end.

At length she reached the house, and her mamma and the servants helped to get her enemies beaten away from her. But the pain of their stings was not so easily removed: her face was soon swelled to such a size that she was frightful to look at, and the pain was so great that she did not know what to do with herself. She was very patient, however, for she knew it was all her own bringing on. Her mamma was so good when she saw her in so much pain, that she did not say anything to her to add to it. Yet Lucy knew very well that she had been very naughty, and that she deserved all that she had met with.

She no longer wished to see papa come home, that he might hear how well she had cured herself of her fault; she now found that she had boasted too soon, and that a bad habit is not so easily got

the better of. When she heard her father's knock at the door, she covered her face with shame, and begged her mamma to spare her the pain of seeing him.—It was many days before Lucy looked like herself again; but it was longer far before the pain was forgotten.

As soon as the wasps had left their nest, her mother had it brought into the house and placed on the mantle-piece, that Lucy might see it daily. The sight of it never failed to prove a very useful lesson. If Lucy felt inclined to fall into her old habit, the sight of the wasps' nest was always sure to prevent her, and make her remember, that as little girls were not capable of judging for themselves when it was proper for them to meddle with what was near them, they ought to attend to what was said to them by their friends. She used, therefore, often afterwards to say, that though it had caused her so much pain, there was nothing that had ever given her so much pleasure in the end as the wasps' nest.

The Humming Tops.

THOMAS and William were two brothers, and very nearly of the same age. Thomas was seven years of age, and William almost six. They were the only children their papa and mamma had: and as great pains were taken to make them happy, they were much to blame when they were not so. But they had each of them faults which their father and mother wished much to have them cured of. Thomas was a very clever little boy, and most people thought him a pleasant one; but he had the very sad failing of wishing for every thing that he saw his brother have. However nice his own things were, he soon began to think his brother's better, and to make himself unhappy with wishing for them. William was in general a good-tempered pleasant

little fellow, but he had a very bad trick of crying for every little trifle ; and when he once began to cry, his papa and mamma used to say, he never knew when to give over again ; and, as it was very tiresome to have the sound of his crying dinning their ears, they were often forced to send him into a room to stay by himself for two or three hours together, instead of enjoying himself with them, as he might have done if he had not been so silly.

Their uncle George came down from London, and brought them each a very large handsome humming-top, with which they were much delighted. William was a long time in learning the way to pull the string off so quickly as to make it spin ; and when he heard the humming noise his brother's made, he wished very much that he could make his own do the same. He kept asking every body he came near to set his top up for him ; but still, when they did so, he did not feel half so much pleased with it as if he had done it himself ; and he was often

almost ready to cry about it. At last his father asked him if he knew what was the reason of its making that noise ; but William did not know : so his father told him that it was owing to the air trying to get into the square hole at the side, as the top turned round. William could not find out how the air could push so hard as to make such a noise ; so his father desired him to hold out his arms, and swing himself round on his heel, and try if he did not feel the air press much harder against his hands than it had done when he stood still. William found that this was the case ; and when he thought how much faster the top turned round than he was able to do, he was sure he knew why the air made such a noise in rushing into the hole in the top. He then asked his father what was the reason that the top stood so upright whilst it was going round, and that it would not stand up at all when it had done turning round. His father told him it was because it had been turned round

with so much force whilst the string was pulling off, that it could do nothing else for a long time afterwards,—just as he knew it had often been with himself when he had begun to run down a bank, that he could not stop himself from running for a long time after. But his father told him to notice, that, as it began to be less and less inclined to turn round so very quickly, it leaned by degrees more and more to one side, till at last it almost ceased to turn round at all, and then it fell over directly. When William thought all this over, he knew that the quicker he pulled out the string the faster the top would turn round, and of course the longer it would spin; so that he soon learned to make his top stand up as long as his brother's did.

The two little boys were very happy all the evening, playing with their tops; and as soon as ever they got up in the morning they began again. William could scarcely find time to eat his breakfast, he was so fond of setting his top up, and

watching it whilst it spun ; and the servant had called him two or three times to come and get ready for school before he could prevail upon himself to leave it. At last, when he found that Thomas was quite ready, and was just upon the point of setting off without him, he went in a great bustle, for he did not like to go through the streets by himself. As soon as he came home again, however, he went to get his top ; but unluckily in his haste in the morning he had forgotten to put the string by along with it, and it was not now to be found. This was a very great distress to him, and he cried sadly about it. His mamma bore with him a long time, because she was sorry for his having lost his string, though she thought him very silly for crying about it, as that was no way of making matters better ; but she became quite tired of hearing him, and was forced to send him into a room by himself, till he could manage to give over. At last he came into the parlour again with dry eyes and a smiling

face; and though Thomas was spinning his top at the time, he was resolved not to cry again.

I wish I had another string, mamma, said he, going up to his mother, and trying very hard to keep back the tears.

I shall not give you another till to-morrow, William, answered she; because I wish you to feel some pain from the want of one, that you may take more care of another when you get it.

Then I wish Thomas would lend me his a while, said William.

I will lend you mine, sometimes, replied Thomas, but you know it is my string, and I have a right to it oftenest. You shall spin your top once for every three times that I spin mine.

William tried to be content with this, though it was not half so nice as having a string of his own, to use as often as he liked.

Whilst they were amusing themselves this way, the servant came into the room with two bunches of flowers in her

hands. Thomas and William were both very fond of flowers ; but as they lived in the middle of a large town, where there were not any gardens, they very seldom saw any. A woman, however, who brought eggs and butter to their mamma, knew how fond they were of flowers, and sometimes brought them some ; and those which the servant now came into the room with, were some which she had just brought for them. As Thomas was the oldest, he was to have his choice of the bunches, and he chose one which had a great many lilacs and wall-flowers in it.

Oh ! what a handsome tulip I have got ! cried William, as he took the other bunch out of the servant's hand. Look, mamma, look, mamma, what a great many fine colours it has !

Yes, it is very pretty, indeed, said his mother ; I think I never saw a finer tulip.

But are not my flowers prettier, mamma ? said Thomas, holding them out for his mother to look at.

They are much sweeter, my dear, but not so handsome, replied his mother.

That is a very fine tulip you have got there, William, said his father, who just then came into the room.

I wish I had chosen that bunch, said Thomas, who began to be out of love with his own flowers as soon as ever he heard any one admire his brother's. Will you change with me, William? I will give you all these lilacs for your tulip.

No, said William, I will not give my tulip for lilacs; I had lilacs last week and the week before, and a great many times, but I never have had a tulip before. Oh! it is a pretty flower. I never saw any thing so handsome. It is purple, and red, and yellow, and white.

Then I will give you all my flowers for it, said Thomas;—for this silly boy fancied he could not be happy unless he could call this tulip his own.

No, answered William; I have some the same as every flower you have, and I do not wish for any more.

Cannot you look at the tulip, and admire it as much whilst it belongs to your brother as if it were your own, Thomas? said his mother. But Thomas could not do that; and at last, after trying for a long time to persuade William to give it for the whole of his flowers, he offered him the string of his top for it. This was an exchange that William was very glad to make; so he agreed to it at once.

Take care, Thomas, what you do, said his mother, lest you should repent of it when it is too late. But Thomas fancied he should not repent, and the exchange was made.

Their mamma now told them that she was going to take them out to walk with her, and they were both very much pleased to go.

I will put my string in my pocket, said William, and then I shall have it safe.

And I will carry my tulip in my hand, and every body will admire it as I go along the streets, said Thomas. But Thomas

found that he walked along and met a great many people without any of them seeming to notice his tulip ; and he began to feel vexed.

Do you not think this pretty tulip much better than a piece of string, mamma ? said he.

It is certainly much handsomer, my dear, replied his mother ; but you know the value of things does not depend upon their beauty.

But would you not have been very willing to give a piece of string for such a pretty flower ?

Not if the string had been likely to have afforded me pleasure for a much longer time, answered his mother.

But you know I may get another string, perhaps ; and I had no tulip, and William had.

If I had been you, I would have been content with looking at the tulip, without caring whether I could call it my own or not. I would even have been glad that my brother had any thing so pretty.

But you know, mamma, if William liked the string better, and I liked the tulip better——

If you each like what you have got the best, it is all well, said his mother. I only hope you will not alter your mind, and get out of humour with the exchange when the beauty of your tulip is gone.

Thomas looked at the flower as his mamma spoke, and saw with surprise that it would no longer stand upright. Oh ! my tulip is almost spoiled, cried he ; look, mamma, it is withered already.

That you must be forced to submit to, my dear, said his mother : you wished for this tulip above every thing, and you got it. You know that any gathered flower will only last for a very short time, and you must therefore try to be content with having called this tulip your own for a few minutes.

As Thomas stood looking with great grief at his flower, William came running up to them. They had now got out of

the town, and were walking along a pleasant lane that was shaded with trees, and William had run before his mother and brother.—Look what I have got, said he, as he came back to them : I have found this nice piece of stick that will bend, and I am going to make a bow of it ; and here is another straight piece for an arrow.

Where did you find them ? asked Thomas eagerly ;—can I get a piece too ?

William told his brother where he had found them, and away he went to search for two pieces of stick, that he too might make himself a bow and arrow. He soon came back with some very nice sticks for the purpose ; but, alas, how was the bow to be made ? The string of William's top had come in very nicely for his bow, but Thomas had nothing of the kind. What must I do for a string ? cried he ; I have nothing to tie my bow with.

That is your own fault, answered his mother. You know you gave your

string away for the tulip, and therefore you must learn to be content without it.

William might give me half of his string, said Thomas ; it would be quite long enough for both the bows.

But then you would neither of you have a string for your tops, you know, said their mother.

I should not care for that, answered Thomas ; I would rather have a string to make a bow with than any thing else.

Then, mamma, if you please, you may cut this string in two, and I will give Thomas half of it, said William.

I am very glad to see you so willing to oblige your brother, my dear William, said his mother : but I think it will be better for Thomas to wait till we get home, and then I will give him a shorter string that will do quite as well for his bow, and you can keep yours whole.

But I do not like to wait till we get home, said Thomas in a peevish tone, for then William will have a bow a long time before I have.

William, who was a very good-natured little boy, did not like to see his brother out of humour; so he said, Cut this string if you please, mamma.

Had you not better rather lend your brother your string till we get home? asked his mother. Do you not remember something that you have heard about whip-cords and tops?

Yes, said William; I know you once told us a story that you said was called "Waste not, want not;" about Hal and Ben; and that Ben took care of his whip-cord, so that it served for a great many uses.

Do you know what is the meaning of "Waste not, want not?" asked his mother.

I think it means——it is——I cannot tell exactly what it means, said William.

I will tell you the meaning, then, replied his mother. If you cut this cord in two, instead of only lending it to your brother, you will be wasting, and must therefore be obliged to want afterwards.

William hesitated a moment ; but turning to his brother, and seeing him look very anxious, he said, I can want myself, mamma, but I had rather not have Thomas to want.

That is all very well, my dear : if you are willing to want, I can have no objection to your obliging your brother. She then cut the cord ; and they set to work very eagerly to make their bows.

Whilst they were busy shooting with their bows and arrows, they were both very happy, and amused themselves all the way home, trying which could shoot the furthest. Before they went to bed, however, both their bows were broken, and thrown aside, as of no further use ; and when they got up the next morning, and saw their tops lying useless for want of a string, they each began to wish they had been more careful of the strings when they had them. Even the short pieces of cord were now no longer to be found. They had been left tied to the pieces of stick the night before, and had been put

into the fire altogether by the servant in the morning to help to kindle it. When their mamma came down stairs, they both went to her, with very earnest requests for another piece of cord for their tops, which they promised to be more careful of.

You have each of you parted with your strings so foolishly, said she, that I cannot think of giving you another directly ; but I will make a bargain with you both :

If I never see you out of humour, Thomas, all to-day ; nor ever hear you cry, William, you shall each of you have a new string this evening at six o'clock.

Oh ! thank you, mamma, that will be very nice, exclaimed Thomas.

And will it be a very nice long string ? asked William ; as long as that which came with the tops ?

Yes, quite as long, and as good too ; so that you have nothing to think about but of taking care to gain them.

I am resolved to win mine, said Thomas.

I will not cry, added William ; no,

not if I were to have my hand cut off. Their mamma smiled, and told them that she should be very happy if they kept their promise; for as it was a holiday, and they had not to go to school that day, it would be a very happy thing for her to have them good and pleasant boys the whole day through.

They went on very well for a long time. They each of them got a piece of wood, which they had a great deal of pleasure in making into little boats; and after they had put masts to them, they asked their mamma leave to go and sail them in the cistern. She told them that she was afraid of their falling into the cistern; but she would desire the servant to set a tub of water in the yard, and they might sail their boats in it. They ran into the yard with great glee, quite pleased with the idea of seeing their boats sail along the water. But Thomas very nearly lost his good humour when he put his boat on the water; for instead of sailing along as he expected it to do, it turned over,

and in spite of all he could do it would sail almost bottom upwards. William's floated along as nicely as could be; but neither he nor Thomas could make out the reason that his brother's did not do equally well. It was very lucky that, before Thomas had quite lost the command of his temper, his uncle George came in the way, and told him that his mast was too high for the size of the boat, which made it top heavy, and that when a vessel was on the water, the heaviest part would always sink the lowest. He told him too, that in order to make large ships sail more steadily, there was always something heavy put in the bottom, which is called the ballast; but as his little boat was too small to hold ballast, the mast must be made much smaller, or else it would still continue to sail upside down. His uncle therefore cut his mast shorter for him, and then his boat sailed as well as William's, and they were both very happy again.

After they had sailed their boats till

they were quite tired, they went into the house again ; and when Thomas began to think how nearly he had been out of temper, he was very glad to hear it was five o'clock, for it now only wanted an hour to the time when his mamma said she would give them their strings. He was almost sure now that he should be able to keep in good humour till six o'clock ; and as to William, he declared over and over again that nothing should make him cry. I will get my slate, said he, and draw till six o'clock, for I am never so happy as when I am drawing. Thomas thought he would get his slate too, and they were both very busy when their aunt came into the room.

Oh ! aunt Margaret, said Thomas, you have just come in time to see what a nice ship I have made : Is it not a very famous one ?

Yes, it is a very good one, answered his aunt ; but I like that tiger that William has drawn a great deal better.

I am sure ships are far nicer things

than tigers, said Thomas; they are of far more use. If there were no ships, people could not go to the places where tigers are found.

But the ships that you draw are not of any more use than William's tigers, you know, said his aunt; and they do not look half so pretty.

I am sure they are much prettier, returned Thomas; and I am a far better drawer than William.

But you cannot draw horses so well as I can, or lions, or camels, or any kind of animals, said William. I have always to make your horses' necks for you, and the manes of your lions; and you cannot make the hunches on the camels' backs at all, you know.

Never mind, I can make much prettier ships than you can; and I am sure, aunt Margaret, ships are a great deal nicer things than horses and lions.

Very well, my dear, replied his aunt, if you think so it is all right. You have nothing to do but to make as many ships

as ever you can get room for on your slate.

But do you not think they are much nicer? asked he: for Thomas could not be content unless other people thought his things the best as well as himself.

You know, said his aunt, I have told you that I think animals much prettier in pictures than ships: but that is no matter: if you like them better yourself, it is enough.

But that was not enough. Thomas had no more pleasure in his ships, because his aunt had said that she liked William's animals better; and after she was gone out of the room, he stood peevish and out of humour. William kept drawing on very happily, which made Thomas still more vexed; for he thought the reason of his being so happy was because his aunt had said she liked his tiger the best. But Thomas was mistaken, for William would have been quite as happy if his aunt had said that she liked his brother's ship better than his tiger.

Oh ! I wish you would not shake the table so, Thomas, said he ; I have made my elephant's jaw as long as the trunk should be.

Thomas gave the table another shake.

Oh ! that is too bad, cried William in great distress ; now I have made the trunk quite crooked.

And so it should be crooked, said Thomas : that proves you know nothing about what you are doing.

I do know very well—I know it should turn up, but not with a sharp turn ; it should have a nice round one like that. And as William spoke, he finished off the trunk of the elephant with a pretty easy curve.

Oh ! you are so proud of your drawing, said Thomas,—who was now quite out of humour to see what a fine elephant William had made, in spite of all the shakes that he had given to the table ;—you think nobody is so clever as you are.

As he spoke, he stretched out his hand for the purpose of rubbing it over his bro-

ther's slate ; but William snatched it away.

Thomas, however, was by this time too much out of humour to be put off ; he struggled to get his hand over it, and William tried to prevent him, till in the scuffle the slate slipped from his hand, and was broken in pieces on the hearth which they stood near. A loud cry was that instant set up by William, which brought his mamma into the room.

What is amiss, William ? asked she ; what has happened to make you cry ?

I have let my slate fall, and it is broken, mamma, sobbed he.

So I see ;—but you know you declared you would not cry if even your hand were cut off.

But it was such a nice slate, and I had drawn such a large elephant on it !

Just as William spoke, the clock struck six.

Now you see, said his mother, you have lost your string, by being so foolish as to cry. How vexed you will be at your-

self when you see your brother playing with his top, and think that you lost yours merely by being so silly as to cry for having broken your slate ! Thomas, however, must have his ; and I hope, as he has been in a good humour the whole of one day, he will by this time have learned to know how much happier he is when he is good tempered.—I hope too, added she, turning to Thomas and holding out the string to him, you will show your good temper further, and let your brother have the loan of your string for his top sometimes.

As his mamma held out the string, Thomas began to think that he had no right to it ; and though his mother did not know that he had been out of humour, he was old enough to find out that it would be cheating if he took this string, when he had not only forfeited his own, but had been the cause of his brother's having lost his. Now, though Thomas had great faults, he was a very honest boy, and would not tell a story, or cheat, for

the world ; so he did not offer to take the string which his mother held out to him.

Why do you not take the string out of my hand, Thomas ? asked she.

Because, mamma, I have no right to it, answered Thomas : I have been out of humour, and it was my fault that William broke his slate.

But it was my own fault to cry after it was broken, said William.

I am pleased with you, Thomas, for owning the truth, said their mother ; as well as with William, for not accusing you.

Their uncle George had come into the room time enough to hear what passed ; and he now said, As they have both done so well in this instance, I must beg that you will indulge them with their strings to-night, and try if they will not be good all day to-morrow to pay for them ; but if they are not good, they must have both strings and tops taken from them directly. Their mother agreed to this, and gave the little boys the strings. As

they had sense enough to know that they were much obliged to their mother and uncle for their kindness, they were resolved to repay them by being as good as they wished them to be.

On the evening of the next day, they both came to their mamma with smiling faces, and told her that they had not done any thing to forfeit their tops.

I am very glad to hear it, said she; and I am sure you will now have more pleasure in these tops than in any plaything you ever had in your lives; for they will remind you both of having had the wisdom to own a fault, and the good sense to try to correct it; and that is the way to become as wise and good as your kindest friends could wish you.

Thomas and William were so happy at having gained their mamma's good opinion, that they ever after took pains to cure themselves of their faults; and though it often needed a very hard struggle, they at last became two very good boys.

III. *The new Doll.*

FANNY got a present from London of a very handsome doll. It was made of leather, and had pretty blue eyes, curling hair, and such a sweet smile on its face, that you would almost have thought it could hear what was said, and knew that every body was admiring it. Besides all this, it had a great many smart clothes. There were both morning and afternoon dresses ; as well as a very handsome bonnet and spencer, to put on when it was taken out a-walking. Fanny scarcely knew what to do with herself, she was so pleased with it; and could think and talk of nothing else. She was never tired of dressing and undressing it; she thought it quite a hardship to be taken away from it for a moment. At night, when she had to go to bed, she dressed it in its night-clothes,—for it was also fitted out with a

night-gown and nightcap,—and laid it by her bedside, that she might see it the first thing when she awoke in the morning. She dreamt about it all night; and when morning came, she opened her eyes in a great hurry to see if it was still near her. There it lay, looking as sweet and good as ever.

Oh! you little darling, said she, how glad I am to see you! have you been long awake? Oh yes! I dare say you have, for your eyes are quite wide open. Well, be still a little longer till I dress myself, and then I will dress you and take you down to breakfast. She then put on her clothes as fast as if she were really afraid of the doll being weary of waiting for her, and was just setting to work to dress it when the breakfast bell rang. She was very sorry to leave it, but it could not be helped. It was out of the question to take it down stairs with its night-clothes on. She ate her breakfast as fast as ever she could, but she thought her brother would never have done his; and her mam-





The Doll was then dressed and taken into the garden; and it no doubt would have been much pleased with its walk, if it could have known all that Fanny said

ma would not allow her to leave the table till breakfast was quite over. At length the time came when she might return to her darling.

Now, said she, going to it in great haste, let me get you dressed, and give you a walk before school begins, or else you will have to lie till it is over, and that would be a sad thing. Miss Doll was then dressed and taken into the garden; and it no doubt would have been much pleased with its walk, if it could have known all that Fanny said, and have seen all the pretty things which she pointed out: but all was lost upon it, and Fanny tried to content herself for its want of sense with its sweet looks.

I wonder you are not tired of looking at that doll, said her brother Edward; I am sure I am weary of it, though I have not looked at it a quarter so much as you have.

Tired! said Fanny, how could one ever be tired of looking at such a sweet good-natured face as it has! Did you ever see

such a pretty face in your life ? I am sure I never did.

But then it is always the same, said Edward. It never changes its look. I like things to look sometimes pleased and sometimes vexed, and not always the same.

Oh ! but I do not like to see any thing vexed, returned Fanny, because I do not like to be vexed myself ; and my doll has such a sweet pretty face, it would be a pity for it ever to look cross.

I think nothing of a pretty face without sense, said Edward, looking at the doll with contempt.

Fanny felt very much offended at having her darling so much slighted, and might perhaps have shown her brother that she could look as vexed as he could desire, if the school-bell had not at that moment rung ; but at the sound of it, she ran off as fast as ever she could to obey the summons, and attend her mamma in the school-room.

It was not till Fanny had laid the doll out of her hand and begun to collect her

books, that it came into her head that she had never once looked at a single lesson. She now set to work with all her might, to make amends ; but it was too late to repair the neglect. She was called up to her lessons, without knowing a word of any of them. One lesson after another was laid aside for her to learn before she left the school-room, and Fanny sighed to think what a long time it would be before she should be able to go back to her doll again.

At length they were all learnt and said, excepting her poetry, which her mamma gave her leave, as it was so near dinner-time, to put off till the evening :—and again the rest of the day was spent as the one before had been, in dressing and undressing her doll. It is very likely that when evening came the poetry would have been again forgotten, had not Edward reminded her just in time, that she had to learn it before she went into the parlour after tea.

The doll was put down, though with

great regret, and the book opened. But she had laid the doll down just as she had begun to think of putting its pretty blue silk spencer on, with its thin muslin frock: and her mind ran so much upon how well they would look together, that her poetry was not half learnt when she was told that her mamma wanted her in the parlour. It was then read over once or twice again in great haste before she went to her mamma, and she hoped she might be able to say it pretty well; but the words had passed out of her mind again, almost as soon as she had read them; and she had not got to the end of the second line, before she stopped and bit her lips, and thought again, but all in vain; she could not recall a single word more.

I had hoped you would have paid more respect to your promise, Fanny, said her mamma, after waiting some time to see if she could manage to go forward; and am sorry to find I am mistaken.

But, mamma, said the little girl, colouring with shame at having been so

idle, and yet willing to make an excuse for herself, this is such a very hard piece of poetry I cannot learn it. It is all about things that I know nothing of. It is called "The Glow-worm," and I cannot tell what a glow-worm is.

That is no excuse for your not having learnt the words, Fanny, answered her mother; and you know, after you had repeated them you had nothing to do but to ask me to explain them. You never find me unwilling to tell you any thing you wish to know.

But, mamma, said the little girl, if you would be so very good as to tell me about it now, I think I should be able to learn it sooner.

You scarcely deserve that I should do so after you have been so idle; besides, if I were to begin to tell you any thing now, I am afraid you would be thinking of your doll all the time, instead of what I was saying.

Oh! no, mamma, indeed I shall not, said Fanny; I do not intend to think of

my doll again till I have learnt my poetry, and said it off. So if you please, mamma, be so good as tell me what a glow-worm is.

It is a small black worm, replied her mother, which has the power of putting a light out of its tail, which looks almost like a small lamp burning on it.

Dear me, mamma, that is very strange! but what is it that looks so bright?

That I cannot tell. There is something in the nature of the lamp that nobody yet has been able to find out.

And what is the use of it, mamma?

You know your poetry says :

“ Perhaps indulgent Nature meant,
By such a lamp bestow'd,
To bid a traveller as he went,
Be careful where he trod,
Nor crush a worm, whose useful light
Might serve, however small,
To show a stumbling-stone by night,
And save him from a fall.”

Or, to put it in words that you are more likely to know the meaning of, perhaps Nature meant that its light should show a person who was walking in the dark

that there was a stone near, over which he might be in danger of stumbling; and therefore that he had better not hurt it.

And do you think this is really the use of the glow-worm, mamma? asked Fanny.

No, my dear, I do not; I believe the use of their light is to enable them to find out one another in the dark, as that is their usual time for creeping about. At any rate I quite agree with the last verse, which says:

“Whate’er was meant, this truth divine
Is legible and plain,
’Tis Power Almighty bids him shine,
Nor bids him shine in vain.”

We know very well that God gave the little glow-worm the power of sending out his lamp; and as we are sure he is too wise and good to make any thing that is not of use, we are very certain that there is some wise purpose even for the little glow-worm’s light.

Did you ever see a glow-worm, mamma? asked Fanny.

Yes, my dear, I saw one last night, answered her mother.

Oh dear! mamma, how much I should like to see one! I wish you would show one to me.

You must sit up very late before you would be able to see one, said her mamma, because they do not show themselves till after dark; and it is late before it is dark at this time of the year. But, however, I will tell you what, Fanny, If you take a great deal of pains to-morrow, and do all your work very well, you shall sit up till after dark, and go with your brother and me to look at the glow-worms.

Oh! thank you, mamma, said the little girl; you are very kind to me, and you shall see what pains I will take.

Very well. Then now set about learning your poetry, said her mamma, or else bed-time will come before you have finished it.

Fanny then set to work with all her might to learn her task, and it was not long before she could repeat it without

missing a word, or having to stop a minute to think of one.—And now, said she, I may go to my doll, for I have got all my work done.

Yes, said her mamma, you may now play with it without danger. And I would advise you in future always to learn your lessons before you begin to play with it, for you see how it tempts you to neglect them. But this was a piece of advice which Fanny was not wise enough to attend to. In the morning, instead of letting her doll lie till she had made sure of her lessons, which would have been much the wisest way, she took it up, thinking at first that she would only put on its morning-gown and then lay it by again. But after she had got the morning-gown on, she thought that it looked so much better in its thin frock, that she would put it on;—it would not take her above a minute or two to do it, and then she would lay it by and get her lessons. But when the thin frock was on, she was as unwilling as ever to lay the doll down; and she

made one excuse after another to herself for keeping it still in her hand ; and the longer she played with it, the more unwilling she was to lay it by. Oh ! said she, sighing at the thought of having to leave this darling plaything ; how happy I should be if I had nothing to do from morning till night but play with my doll ! How nice it would be !!

Would you rather play with your doll than go to see the glow-worms at night ? asked her mother, who came into the room in time to hear what she had said.

I should like better to play with my doll, than do any thing in the world, mamma, answered Fanny.

Suppose I were to give you leave to play with it all day, and not ask you to do any thing whatever besides,—would you not repent before night, think you ?

Oh ! no, mamma, I am sure I should not, said Fanny ; I should be as happy as happy could be. Will you try me, mamma ?

I am very willing to try you, answered

her mother: but take warning; if I give you leave, I shall insist upon your keeping to the terms of the bargain. I shall not allow you to do any thing else the whole day but play with her, however tired you may be; and you must sit up and play with her till we come back from looking at the glow-worms.

Oh! that is what I shall delight in above every thing, cried Fanny. To sit up till it is quite dark, and to have nothing to do but to play with my doll all the whole time; oh! how charming it will be!—And will you really let me do it, mamma?

Yes, I will really let you do it; only do not forget that I shall make you keep strictly to the terms. I shall not allow you to do any thing else, or have any other way of amusing yourself.

That is the very thing that I am so pleased at, said Fanny,—not to have any thing else to do: I only wish you would never ask me to do any thing else till I am tired of my doll. I dare say it would

be a great many years before I was tired of it.

And what kind of a woman do you think you would be, Fanny, asked her mother, if you did nothing but play with a doll all your life?

But you know, mamma, I should still have plenty of time to learn other things after that; for I am only a very little girl now.

But the very youngest has little enough time to learn what is useful and proper, said her mother; so that, if they do not make good use of their time, they will find themselves sadly short when they grow up. But, however, I am not afraid of your spending very many years over this doll; I should not wonder if even before night you began to wish for some other amusement.

Oh! no, I am sure I shall not, said Fanny; I shall need nothing to amuse me but this sweet pretty doll.

I think you are very silly, said her brother, to give up seeing the glow-worms

for the sake of playing with that stupid doll.

That is because you do not like dolls, Edward, said Fanny; but you know I do like them, and so would any body like them better than little nasty crawling worms.

But these are not like other worms, said Edward;—only think how pretty they must look, all shining along the hedge like so many little lamps. And I can tell you about a fly called the fire-fly, that gives even a brighter light than the glow-worm; and ladies in the countries where they are found sometimes fasten them all over their gowns, so as to look as if they were all covered over with spangles.

But Edward, said his mother, I cannot allow you to stay and talk to Fanny; if your sister intends to make choice of her doll as a companion for the whole day, she must not have any other.

No, do not come near me, Edward, said Fanny; for I want nothing but my doll to amuse me.

Her mother and brother then left her ; and she set to work with great glee to play with her doll, saying to herself every now and then, "I may play this way all the time till quite dark night."

She went on very well for two or three hours, but at last she began to think it a long time to dinner. When the dinner-bell rang, she felt more willing to lay her doll down than she had ever done before ; but she thought it was because she was hungry, and was sure she should like it as well as ever after dinner.

When she went into the dining-room, she saw that her brother looked very earnestly at her, as if he expected to see that she was tired ; but she was resolved he should not, so she forced herself to look very gay and lively. She did not, however, feel in the same haste to leave the dinner-table that she had always done since she got her new doll ; nay, she even thought Edward was a shorter time over his meal than she had ever known him before, and was quite sorry when she

heard him say he would rather not have any more ; for she liked better to sit at table with her father and mother and brother, than go back to her doll.

As soon as the cloth was taken away, her mamma said, Now, Fanny, my dear, go to your work again.

Work ! mamma, said the little girl ; you know it is not work, it is play.

Very well, replied her mother ; I am glad you think it so.

But Fanny did not quite think it so, only she did not like anybody to know that she began to feel tired, after having said she was so very sure she never should be so. She took up her doll as if it was a task, and almost thought it was less pretty than when she had left it. She had dressed and undressed it so often over, that nothing now was new to her. Still there was nothing for her to do, but to go over the same round of dressing and undressing.

If my doll could but speak, thought she, I should never tire of her ; but it is

the same thing over again, and one gets tired of looking even at her pretty face when it never changes.

To spend the whole afternoon without any other company was most tiresome, and yet she must be forced to do it. She yawned and stretched, laid her doll down, then took it up again; and began to wish for tea-time before dinner had been over an hour. When tea-time came she was almost ready to cry, and felt quite ashamed of being seen; for she could no longer prevent their seeing how tired she was.

I think, Fanny, said Edward, when she went into the parlour, your darling has not been very lively this afternoon, for you look as if you had been almost asleep.

Lively! Edward, said Fanny in a peevish tone, for she was too weary to bear to be joked; how can a doll be lively? You know very well that it can neither talk nor laugh.

But I mean, returned Edward, that it has not made you very lively; and you

know you thought you should never be dull when you had it to play with. I am afraid you have never put on the thin muslin frock this afternoon ?

I have had every thing on that she has, said Fanny ; and am tired of looking at her in all of them.

But her pretty face, added Edward ; you can surely never tire of looking at it ?

Indeed I am, replied his sister ; I do not think it is so very pretty as I once fancied it was.

That is a striking proof, my dear Fanny, said her mother, that beauty is of little value unless there is sense added to it. I hope it will teach you in future to choose your company for their sense, and not their beauty.

Oh ! I am sure, said Fanny, I should not care how ugly she was, if she could but hear what I said, and speak to me in return.

When tea was over, Fanny sat—and sat almost hoping that her mamma would not desire her to go back again to her

work ; for work she now found it to be, and very hard work too. But it was not long before her mother said, You know that you have some hours longer to play yet. Fanny hung down her head without speaking.—Go, my dear, added her mother, on seeing that the little girl did not offer to move ; you know you have not yet finished your task.

I wish you would be so good as excuse her the rest, mamma, said Edward, who began to feel sorry for his sister.

No, my dear, answered his mother ; I cannot excuse any part of the bargain, or else your sister might perhaps forget the lesson that I expect her doll will teach her.

How can a doll teach her any lesson, mamma ? asked Edward.

By showing her that a day of mere idleness is no treat, answered his mother ; and letting her know how much sweeter play is when it comes after work. I must therefore have her thoroughly tired, that she may not forget it too soon.

I am thoroughly tired, mamma, said

Fanny; and should be very glad to do the hardest lesson, rather than spend any more time with my doll.

I cannot allow you to do any thing else to-night, however, said her mother; so I beg you will go directly to your work.—Fanny's eyes filled with tears as she got up from her seat to obey her mother.

May I go with her? asked Edward.

Nay, Edward, said Fanny, turning round to her brother with a look of surprise; you know you were tired of the doll long ago.

Yes, but I should be very glad to help you to play with it, for the sake of making it pleasanter to you, for all that, answered Edward.

But I cannot allow you to show your kindness to your sister in this way, my dear boy, said his mother, though I am pleased with you for wishing it. Fanny must go and spend the evening according to her promise, for I cannot allow her to have any other company than that she chose for herself.—Poor Fanny left the room as if she was going to something bad, and took up her doll as if she hated

the sight of it. How silly I was, thought she, to make such a choice. If I had been content to play with my doll only when I had nothing else to do, I might have liked it now as much as ever I did, but now I am so sick of it that I do not think I shall ever be able to bear the sight of it again. I hate to look at it, I think it as ugly a doll as I ever saw ; I wonder how I could ever think it pretty. However, I promised mamma that I would play with it, so I must keep my word. Let me see, what must I do ? shall I put on her morning gown ? Oh no, she does not look well in it. I think I must put on her thin muslin frock, for every body says it is a very beautiful one. But then I have had it on so often to-day that I am quite tired of looking at it. Suppose I put on her thick muslin frock, and her bonnet and spencer. But then I know exactly how she will look before I put them on. No : I think I will just put on her night-clothes, and put her to bed, and then I can rest whilst I pretend she is sleeping.

This was fixed upon ; the doll was un-

dressed and put to bed, but it was no rest to Fanny to have her doll laid down to sleep. She could not do any thing else in the mean time to amuse herself, and she was tired of being idle. Of the two, it was better to change the doll's dress again; so it was taken up, and again had its thin muslin frock put on. At length it got so dusk, that she could scarcely see how it looked; and Fanny had comfort in thinking her task would soon be at an end. Bed-time will soon be here, thought she, and when I get up in the morning how glad I shall be to set to work with my lessons. I am sure I shall never think it stupid work again to have lessons to learn. It is not nearly so stupid as playing with a doll all day. It was now almost dark, and she hoped she should soon hear her mother and brother go out to seek for the glow-worms. She listened very anxiously for the sound, because she thought if they were once gone, they would not stay very long, and then she should be allowed to go to bed, which she wished for as much

as if she had done the hardest day's work. At length she heard the hall door open, and she listened in hopes of hearing them go out. She heard her brother's foot, but it seemed as if he was coming towards her ;—perhaps he was coming to tell her they were going.

The nursery door opened, and Edward followed by his mother entered. Oh ! Fanny, cried he ; what a pity it is that you did not go with us to see the little glow-worms : you cannot think how pretty they look.

Have you been to see them then ? said Fanny, starting up with glee. Have you been out, and are now come in again ?

Yes, answered her brother ; we have been out and have seen, I dare say, twenty glow-worms glittering about.

Oh ! then I may go to bed, cried Fanny, who was so tired that she felt as if bed would be better than any thing else in the world.

But will you not stay to hear more about the glow-worms ? asked Edward.

Oh no, I do not wish to hear about

any thing or see any thing but my bed, said Fanny ; for I never was so tired in my life.—Here, mamma, added she, be so good as to take my doll and lock it up, that I may never see it again, for I am sure I shall never like to look at it more.

I will take it and put it by for a while, said her mother, that it may be new to you when it comes out again. And I hope, that however new it may be, you will now have more sense than to think it can make up to you for every thing else. Play is always sweetest when it comes after work ; and depend upon it, my dear, a life of idleness is always a tiresome one.

Oh, I am sure it is, mamma, said the little girl, yawning and rubbing her eyes. Let me go to bed now to rest me, and I shall never wish to play a whole day again.

IV. *The Greedy Boy.*

WILLIAM and Richard were asked to spend the Christmas week with their uncle and aunt, and they wished very much for their mamma to give them leave to go. William had a great desire to pay the visit, because his uncle had told him he would teach them to skate, and would buy them each a pair of new skates for the purpose. His uncle had a nice large pond in his grounds, and William knew that his mamma would not be afraid of trusting them on the ice when their uncle was there to take care of them, so that he was sure they would have very pleasant sport. Richard thought of its being Christmas time, and he knew his aunt would have a great many nice things for them to eat; and poor Richard liked eating better than any thing else. He

dwelt upon the idea of the tarts and mince-pies till his mouth quite watered, and he longed to hear his mother say they might go. They were so uneasy to know whether she meant to send them, that they agreed to go to her together and ask her about it.

When they did so, she told them that she believed she must be forced to send William alone, as she was afraid to trust Richard so much to himself. You know, Richard, said she to her youngest son, I have never yet trusted you out of my sight without your giving me reason afterwards to repent it. I am afraid to let you go from home till you are wise enough to know that gluttons not only give disgust to every body that has any thing to do with them, but are sure also to punish themselves ; for gluttony always causes illness.

But you know, mamma, said William, the last time Richard ate too much he was very ill indeed ; so that I dare say he will be more careful in future.

What do you say to that, Richard?

asked his mother. Dare you say the same for yourself?

Yes indeed, mamma, I will take care not to eat again till I am sick; for I do not like to be ill, and to have to take so much nasty physic to make me better.

If I thought I might trust you, Richard, said his mother, you should certainly go, for I am always glad to give you pleasure.

Try him, mamma; do try him, said William; for I should not like to go and leave Richard at home: it would not be half so nice for either of us.

Then I must send a letter to your aunt to beg that she will not give him any more sweet things than she thinks it good for him to have, replied his mother; for I dare not trust to his own prudence.

Mamma, said William, I wish you would say in your letter that she must not give either of us too many good things, and then my aunt will not know that you are more afraid of Richard than of me.

William's mamma was very much pleased with him for being so kind to his brother, as not to wish their uncle and aunt to know that he was a glutton; and she said, I hope, Richard, as your brother is so good as not to wish your fault to be known, you will take care also to conceal it yourself. You know how much I allow you when you are at home, and I hope you will take care not to eat any more when you are absent, even though your aunt were to urge you to do so. Richard promised. The letter was written in the way that William wished it; and the little boys were sent off.

They were received with great kindness by their uncle and aunt, who, though they had no little boys or girls of their own, were very fond of children and took great pains to make them happy.

It was a fine clear frosty morning on which they got there, and William longed to hear his uncle say something about the skates. Every time he saw that he was going to speak he hoped it would

be about them. At last his uncle said, I am afraid you are both too much tired after your long walk to be able to skate any to day?

Oh, no! uncle, said William starting up with great glee, we are not at all tired; we should like very much indeed to go and skate.

And what do you say, Richard? said his uncle. Are you ready for a little more exercise?

Richard said he was. But if he had told what he really wished most for, he would rather have chosen the exercise of eating some of the nice pies which he smelt when the parlour door was opened, and the warm air from the oven in the kitchen came towards them. But their aunt only gave them each a couple of biscuits, and said the dinner should be ready for them by the time they came back.

The pond on which they went to skate was a very large one; and as the water under the ice was not at all deep,

their uncle was not afraid to let them go upon it as much as ever they liked ; for he knew that were the ice even to break, the worst that could happen would be their getting their feet wet. As they had never tried to skate before, they got many a tumble ; but they did not mind that, for they were neither of them cowards.

At length the sound of the dinner-bell called them again into the house. William was very sorry to leave off skating, for he was just beginning to be able to balance himself on one foot for a minute or two, and scud along a short way on the ice ; but his uncle told him he should come back again the next morning if the frost should continue, which made him more content to return home.

Richard liked skating very well, but he liked eating much better ; and the moment he thought of the dinner being ready, he was eager to make all the haste he could back to the house. He ran without ever looking behind him as fast as ever he could ; and when he got into the

dining-room he placed himself at the table though nobody was yet in the room but himself. It was some minutes before he was joined by any of the rest; and he sat looking at the dishes on the table and listening for their coming, till he was almost out of patience. They did come however at last, and Richard was soon helped to some very nice roast beef. But he did not like this half so well as the pies which came after; and when he had been helped twice with them, he sat waiting and wishing for his aunt to ask him to have more. But he waited and wished in vain: there was not a word said about his being helped again; and as soon as the others had done, the things were ordered off the table.

Richard felt for a minute or two almost ready to cry, when he saw the pies which he would have been so glad to eat, handed away without his knowing whether he should ever see them again. A plate of very fine apples was brought in just in time to prevent the tears rising to his

eyes ; and as he was helped again and again to them, his spirits rose and he almost forgot that he wished for the pies.

After the apples had been handed twice round the table, there was still an odd one left, and their uncle told them it should be given to the one who could take the longest jump out of twenty. This served to amuse them for a long time, but the apple was at length declared to be William's.

As soon as ever it was given to him he took a knife, and cutting it in two gave his brother by much the larger half. By this means Richard was saved the disgrace of showing a tear : and as there was nothing else placed before them the rest of the evening that was very tempting, bed-time came and found him quite well and in very good spirits.

Now, said he, when they had got into their bed-room and had begun to undress, I think mamma does not need to be afraid of trusting me from home now. I do not always make myself ill when I am away

from her : I am quite well to-night, as well as ever I can be, for all we had such nice pies to dinner.

Richard did not, however, consider that he might not perhaps have been quite so well if he had been allowed to eat as much as he liked himself ; and that he ought, instead of giving himself credit, have only thanked his aunt for taking so much care of him. But he never thought of that, and William was too much afraid of giving him pain to remind him ; so he went to bed as well pleased with himself as if the merit had been all his own.

The next morning as soon as ever William awoke he thought of his uncle's promise, of taking them again that day to skate ; and he got up to look out of the window, to see what kind of morning it was. But it was no skating weather ; the frost had given way, and a heavy shower of snow and rain was beating against the windows, whilst the wind was howling, and the sky looked very dark and frowning. William felt very sorry to think

he should not be able to go out to skate: but he was a very happy-tempered boy, and he soon comforted himself with the thought that his uncle and aunt would be sure to find some way or other to amuse them in the house.

When Richard opened his eyes, he soon heard the news of its being a bad morning. But however, added William, I dare say my uncle and aunt will find some way or other to amuse us, for they are very kind.

Yes, that they will, I am sure, said Richard. Perhaps my aunt may give us some of those nice apples to eat; or I should not wonder if she were to get some nuts for us to crack:—it is nice fun cracking nuts.

I rather think, said William, they will find out some games for us to play at, or something of that kind.

But what games could we play at, when there are only two of us? asked his brother. No, I do not think that will be it, at any rate.

Well, let us get up and try, said William. And up they both jumped, and were soon dressed and in the breakfast-parlour.

This will be no day for skating, William, said his uncle as he came into the room soon after them: we must try to content ourselves within doors to-day.

Oh! I dare say we shall be able to make ourselves very happy in the house, answered William; and perhaps to-morrow may be finer. If it should get frosty again after this wet, the whole garden will be ice I think, and then we shall have rare fun.

That is right, my little man, said his uncle, clapping William's head; I am glad to see you so ready to make the best of it.—And how do you think we must manage to amuse ourselves, Richard? added their uncle, turning to his youngest nephew, who had by this time got himself placed at the breakfast-table, and was eating bread and butter as fast as he could.

I think, answered Richard, after breakfast is over it would be very well if we could fall asleep, and sleep till dinner-time.

Nay, replied his uncle, if sleeping were the best thing, we might as well wish to be able to sleep the whole winter through at once, as the little dormice do.

Are they able to sleep all the winter ? asked William.

Yes, answered his uncle ; as soon as the cold weather begins, they become drowsy, and set about finding a snug place to lie down in, where they sleep soundly till the cold winter is over. Then they rouse themselves up and enjoy the fine weather again.

And do they never eat any thing all that time ? asked Richard.

No, replied his uncle, they have no need to eat ; for sleep serves them instead of food. So that you see if you could manage to take such a nap as they do, you would be saved the trouble of breakfasts, and dinners, and suppers.

Oh, but I should not like to be cheated out of them, said Richard, helping himself as he spoke to another large slice of bread-and-butter; for I like eating far better than sleeping.

But I wonder the little dormice do not sleep themselves to death, uncle, said William; I thought no animals could live so long a time without food?

As their frames are not able to bear the cold, answered his uncle, Nature has given them a way of saving themselves from it. They eat during the summer till they are very fat; and this fat serves to support their bodies whilst they are taking their long nap. It is the same with all torpid animals,—that means, all animals whose nature it is to sleep during the winter.

Are there other animals then, asked William, besides dormice, which take such long sleeps?

Yes, many, replied his uncle; both beasts, insects, and birds. You may often find flies lying about the house in the

winter as if they were dead ; yet if you were to bring them to the fire and keep them warm, you would almost always find that they would soon begin to revive.

Dear me ! said William, I should like to try them. The first fly I find lying in a cold place I will bring it to the fire, and see if it will come alive again.

You may do so once, said his uncle, to convince yourself that it is so ; but I would not advise you to make a practice of it, for I have no doubt it gives the poor little creatures a great deal of pain.

I never feel pain from being roused from sleep, said William.

But their sleep is more than mere rest, returned his uncle ; they can scarcely for the time be said to be alive. I dare say you have not forgotten once giving your elbow a severe blow which made you faint, and that you felt a great deal of pain when your blood began to run through your veins again ; for it was the stopping of the blood which made you seem for a time

as if you were dead. Now I have no doubt but the little flies and all other torpid animals feel much in the same way when they first awake. You have heard the little ants often spoken of for being so prudent as to lay up food in the summer to serve them during the cold of winter. This was thought to be the case because they kept themselves so close in their nests whilst the cold weather lasted; but I rather think the truth of the matter is, that they fall asleep when it comes on.

Ah! the little rogues, cried William, laughing; they have the credit of being so wise and prudent, and they are nothing but sluggards after all.

They must not be called sluggards, however, returned his uncle, when they are as active and diligent as ever they can be as long as they are able to work. It is only those who are able to work and will not do it, but spend their time in lounging about and sleeping, who ought to be called sluggards. If you ever saw a set of little ants turned out of their nest, and

watched them running so nimbly about, and taking so much trouble to get the little white bags which contain their young put safely into the nest again; you would be sure that the ants have not gained their good name for nothing. Those busy little creatures, the bees and wasps, which, if possible, are more clever still, all sleep during the winter. The swallows too, that build their nests in our spouts and under the tiles of our houses, are believed by many people to hide themselves in snug corners, and take a nap till the cold winter is over. Some people think that swallows avoid the cold weather by flying away into warmer countries as soon as it begins to come on, and I am inclined to think that many of them do so.

I once heard papa tell about a number of swallows which settled upon a ship's deck when it was many hundred miles from land, said William.

Yes, replied his uncle, many such things have happened; so that I think there can be no doubt that they do go abroad in

search of warm weather. A great many swallows, however, have often been found together quite in a torpid state, hid in very snug places ; so that there can be as little doubt that they sometimes sleep away the winter. At any rate, whichever is the most common way for them to take care of themselves, we are sure that they are not able to bear the cold of our winters, and that Nature has taught them the way to escape it.

I learnt some poetry lately, said William, called ‘The Piedmontese and his Marmot ;’ and it says :

“ They carelessly slept, till the cold winter blast,
And the hail, and the deep drifting snow shower
was past.”

Is that because the marmot is another of the animals which sleep during the winter, uncle ? asked William.

It is, replied his uncle. A Piedmontese means a man who belongs to the place called Piedmont, which is at the foot of those high mountains that lie between the countries of France and Italy. These

mountains are called the Alps, and are the highest in Europe. As marmots live on the tops of mountains, there are of course a great many on the Alps; so that we are to suppose the poor Piedmontese got his marmot thence. Miss Aikin, who wrote the pretty little poem you learnt, has given a very lively picture of this little playful animal. It has long sharp feet, with which it digs its dwelling underground, and then lines it with moss and hay. It delights in basking in the sun, and as long as the warmth continues it frolics about in the most lively and playful manner; but as soon as the rays of the sun begin to be less warm and cheering he flies to his hole, and curling himself up he takes a good sound sleep till April or May comes again. He then rouses himself up, and sets off once more to enjoy the pleasures of life.—But our breakfast has been over some time, and here is Richard waiting till we give over talking, that he may take his nap.

Oh, no! said Richard, I should not

wish to sleep, even if I could, whilst I have so many nice things to listen to, as those you have been telling us.

But I cannot talk to you any longer at present, said his uncle: I have some letters to write; and whilst I am busy with them I will give you each this little poem to learn, that your aunt has just written for you; and I will make a bargain with you, that whichever repeats it the best, shall have a shilling to give to the first person that comes to the door to beg.

But suppose we both say it alike? uncle, said William.

In that case it must be divided between you, and you will each of you have the pleasure of thinking that you have worked for the poor this morning, and perhaps kept somebody from starving. This will keep you employed whilst I am writing my letters; and when they are done we will try if we cannot find some way of giving ourselves a little exercise.

The little boys both set to work to learn the poem, and each thought he had learnt

it very well. But William's mind had run too much upon the idea of his uncle's coming back to play with them, to do justice to his poetry. As soon as ever he heard his uncle, the paper was thrown down, and he stood quite ready to join in anything his uncle might propose. His uncle came in with battledoors and shuttlecocks in his hand, and they were soon engaged in a very warm game.

After dinner the little boys were called upon to repeat their poetry. William got very badly through his, for he had never given his mind to learning it; but Richard repeated the following lines without missing a word :

Though winter is come with its cold icy breath,
 And has put all the flowers of our gardens to death,
 Though the wind whistles loud, and the rain and
 snow beat,
 And the water is bound in a smooth glassy sheet,—
 Yet with a snug shelter and thick warm attire,
 With plenty of food and a bright blazing fire,
 But few of the hardships of winter we know,
 And feel but slight pain from the frost and the snow:
 But then let us think of what those must endure,
 Who wander abroad, weak, and helpless and poor,

Who weary and cold seek in vain for a shed,
 And beg at the door for a morsel of bread.
 Perhaps even now some poor child wanders nigh,
 That is even as young and as helpless as I,
 Who sad and forlorn not a shelter can find,
 Though it once had a home and a mother most
 kind.

Oh ! if such an one ever should come to our door,
 And a morsel of bread in soft accents implore,
 With it my best meal I with pleasure would share,
 And make it rejoice in our good Christmas fare :
 Then though all around the cold winter winds blew,
 My breast, to sweet pity and kindness still true,
 Midst the cold frosts of winter would feel such a glow,
 As a hard cruel heart at no season can know.

Very well done, Richard, said his uncle. You have done your aunt's lines great justice, and I hope you will make some poor person very happy with the shilling you have earned.

Oh, yes ! that I shall, said Richard ; I think it will be a very nice thing for them. I wonder what kind of a beggar it will be that comes first. I hope it will be somebody that is in great need of money, and then this will do them a great deal of good. They will have reason to

rejoice that it was a bad day today, and we could not go out to skate.

At this moment the sound of a fiddle was heard at the door, and a man's voice singing a very doleful ditty. There is a person for your shilling at once, Richard, said his aunt; and I believe you need not wish for a greater object than this poor blind man and his half-starved little granddaughter.

I will go and give it to him this minute, said Richard, running out of the room as he spoke.

William was half-way across the floor to go after his brother; but when he began to think that he had nothing to give them, he turned about and sat down again on his seat. Richard went to the door with the full intention of giving the poor man the shilling; but it was most unhappy for Richard's virtue, that a man with a large box of sweetmeats appeared at the same moment on the step, and lifting up the lid of the box placed the tempting contents before the little boy's

eyes. This was too much to be withstood by any one that was as fond of eating as this little greedy boy had ever been. He looked at the sweetmeats, then at the money in his hand ; and then he turned round to see if any body was in the way. There was no one near to see him ; and though the poor old blind man ceased playing, and taking off his hat begged for pity's sake that he would give them a bite of bread, for they were both almost starving ; and the little girl shivering and half-naked, looked at Richard the picture of distress,—this cruel boy did not care for either of them. He told the poor beggar that he had nothing for him ; and turning to the man with the sweetmeats asked for a shilling's worth. As soon as he got them he made all the haste he could into his own room, and devoured them so greedily that they were all eaten up in a very short time.

As the old man went past the dining-room window, William looked at him to see if he did not seem very happy at hav-



He told the poor beggar that he had nothing for him, and turning to the man with the sweetmeats asked for a shilling's worth.

London. William Darton. Jun. May 28, 1819.

Stories for Children, see page 106



ing got a shilling ; but the man held down his head, so that William could not see his face ; but he fancied he saw the little girl wipe a tear from her eye, and he wondered very much what she could be crying for. He thought it might be because she was pinched with the cold, and he was sorry he had not asked his aunt to let them go into the kitchen to warm themselves. His aunt was sorry too when he spoke of it to her ; but she said it was pleasant to think that they at least had some money to buy food with, and she hoped the next house they went to, the people would be still kinder to them than they had been, and would warm as well as feed them.

William wondered why Richard was so long in coming into the room again after he had sent the old man away, and at last he thought he would go and see what he was doing. Just as he got to the parlour-door, however, Richard came in ; and when William asked him what he had been about so long, he stammered

and blushed, and looked as if he could not tell what to say. William was a little boy that never liked to give pain to any one; so that when he saw that his brother did not like him to ask the question, he did not repeat it.

Now, Richard, said his uncle, I think you may be very glad that you did not sleep from breakfast to dinner; for if you had, you would not have had the pleasure of serving these poor people.—Richard again blushed, and looked as if he did not know what to say; and his uncle thought that it was because he felt ashamed at being praised; so he began to talk of something else. He told them that he had invited some little boys to come and spend the next day with them, and that he meant to treat them in the evening with letting them see a magic lantern.

The boys were both very much pleased with this, and talked a great deal about the pleasure they should have. In the evening, however, Richard was observed to look very pale, and on

his aunt's asking him what was the matter, he was forced to own that his head ached, and he did not feel very well.

His aunt thought it would be the best way for him to go to bed very early, when she hoped a night's sleep would make him quite well again. The good-natured William thought his brother would not like to go to bed unless he went too, so he offered to go with him; and did all he could whilst they were preparing for bed to amuse him and keep up his spirits.

Do not be afraid, Richard, said he, that mamma will be angry, and say you have been acting the glutton; for you know we all can tell her that you have not. And I am sure she will be very much pleased with you for taking pains to earn the shilling, just for the sake of giving it to a poor beggar. She will not be afraid again I think to let you have money; she used to be afraid you would buy things to eat with it, but she will find now that you can give it to buy

food for others. How happy the poor man would be when he got the shilling ! I dare say he did not expect a quarter so much.

Richard said nothing to all this, for he knew very well he had been even worse than a glutton—he had been a cruel unfeeling boy. He had not only eaten more than was good for him, but he had robbed the poor of what was their right, for the purpose of spending it in sweetmeats. He lay down in bed, but he was unable to sleep ; his head ached, and he felt very sick and ill. William was asleep in a very few minutes, for he was quite well and happy.

After tumbling and tossing about for several hours, Richard grew so much worse that he was forced to awaken William, and beg that he would call their aunt. As soon as his aunt came, she ordered a strong dose of camomile tea for him to drink ; but though Richard was so fond of swallowing good things, he could not bear nasty ones : and his uncle

and aunt had both to stand over him, and insist upon his drinking it before he could prevail upon himself to do so.

Many a time did he wish that he had given the poor man the shilling; but it was now too late to repent: and there was nothing for him to do but to bear the illness which he had brought upon himself as well as he could. One comfort is, thought he, as he rolled his aching head upon the pillow; nobody knows what it is that has made me so ill. Oh! I would not for the world that it should be found out, for nobody would ever love me again. If I had but given the shilling to the poor man, that poor little hungry girl would have got a good dinner, and I might now have been well and happy.

As he lay turning these things over in his mind, Richard thought it never would be morning; yet when it came, he was no better off. His head ached so that he could scarcely bear to hold it off the pillow, and he was besides very sick. At

length he became a little better, and thought he would get up.

William, who had kept very closely by him all the morning, was just gone down stairs, and Richard thought he would follow him. When he got into the breakfast-room, he found it empty; but he soon noticed a bottle standing on the table, with something in it that looked very clear and beautiful. It was bright yellow, and looked so rich and nice that Richard felt quite tempted to taste it. I dare say it is something that my aunt is going to treat William with, thought he; but I will have a taste first. It looks so nice that I should not wonder if it made me quite well again.

He then put the bottle to his mouth, and held it there for some time; for the liquid was so thick that it came down the sides of the bottle very slowly. But this Richard did not mind, as he thought it was only because it was such a rich syrup. When it did come, however, it came in a good mouthful at once. But the mo-

ment he tasted it he started, and thought he must be forced to vomit on his aunt's nice carpet ; for he found it was oil, and was the nastiest thing he had ever tasted in his life. He had scarcely got his mouth at all cleared from the oil, which stuck like glue to his teeth, when his uncle came into the room.

What is the matter, Richard ? asked he, on seeing his nephew's wry face ; have you been tasting the oil which is in that bottle ?

No, answered Richard, still loathing at the taste he had in his mouth ; I was only looking at it.

His uncle knew very well that Richard was not telling the truth ; so he was resolved to punish him. He therefore said, I was in hopes that you had already swallowed the dose that I meant you to have. But as that is not the case you must have it now, for there is nothing will make you so soon well again.

Oh ! you will not give me any of that nasty stuff, I hope, uncle ? said Richard,

shuddering with horror at the idea of tasting it again.

You must have some of it, answered his uncle in a tone, which made Richard sure that he was resolved upon giving him some. I was just going to bring some up to you, but thought I would ask William to go with me and try if he could persuade you to take it quietly. His uncle then began to pour some into a glass, which he had first made wet all over with water to prevent the oil from sticking to the sides of it. Richard stood by in agony at the idea of having to swallow it; yet at a loss to know how he could avoid it.

At length when his uncle came towards him he could bear it no longer, and bursting into tears he cried out, Oh! uncle, do not give it me! Pray do not force me to take it, for I have swallowed a great deal already.

You told me just now that you had not tasted it, said his uncle.

But I did; indeed I did, replied Richard, I swallowed a great deal,

Liars cannot expect to be believed, returned his uncle, even though they should speak the truth. You must have told me a lie either before or now, so that having to swallow this is only what you deserve. I shall, therefore, make you take it, and you may as well do it quietly. Richard looked at the glass; but the sight of the oil, the taste of which he still had so strong in his mouth, made his heart seem to turn over, and he felt as though it would not be possible for him to let it go into his mouth.

If you do not take it at once, said his uncle, I shall ring for a servant to hold your nose, whilst I pour it into your mouth.

Still Richard resisted; the bell was rung. The servant who came was told to take hold of Richard's nose and keep his head back, whilst his uncle poured the sickening medicine down his throat. It soon, however, came back again; for his disgust was so great, that it made him sick the moment it entered his stomach.

Oh! thought Richard, how dearly have

I paid for those sweetmeats ! How much I wish I had never seen or tasted them !

But this was not all he had to suffer. It was not long before the little boys who had been asked to spend the day with them arrived. Though William would much rather have sat with his brother and tried to amuse him, he was obliged to attend to the strangers, whilst Richard, who was too ill to take any part in the fun that was going forward, lay tumbling about the sofa, and thinking the day would never be over.

When dinner-time came, he saw them all sit down to the table, where a great many nice things seemed to invite them to eat, without his being able to taste a bit of any of them.

Just as the dinner-things were taken away, a servant came into the room to say, that a man with a box of sweetmeats was at the door, and would not go away till he knew whether the young gentleman who bought some of him yesterday would choose any more to-day. Richard almost

started off the sofa when he heard the man with the sweetmeats spoken of.

There was no young gentleman here yesterday who could buy sweetmeats, said his uncle. The man must have made a mistake in the house.

The man had followed the servant almost into the room, and had heard all that passed; and coming a few steps forward, he said, No, I am not mistaken, your honour. A young gentleman bought them of me, and I am sure he would like them; for they are as good sweetmeats as ever were made.

He has no reason to like them, thought Richard, as he lay trembling at the idea of being found out; for he has paid dearly for them.

Come in, and try if you can find out the young gentleman amongst all that are here, said his uncle.

The man came into the room; and casting his eyes round, he in a few minutes fixed them on Richard, though the little culprit took care not to turn his face

towards him. That is the young gentleman who is lying on the sofa, sir, said the man. I hope it was not my sweetmeats that made him ill.

William began to tremble, and feel very much grieved for his brother; whilst his uncle asked the man how much the little boy had bought.

A shilling's worth, sir. Only a shilling's worth, and that divided amongst so many, would do nobody any harm.

Now Richard's uncle knew that neither of the boys had any money of their own, for their mamma had begged in her letter that none might be given to them, as she was afraid of their buying things to eat with it. He was sure, therefore, that the shilling which Richard had spent in sweetmeats, must be that which the poor man ought to have had.

I will not ask you where you got the money, Richard; lest it should tempt you to tell another lie. I know very well that it was the shilling you won after dinner yesterday, and which was only given

to you that you might make some poor person happy with it.

Richard hid his face with his hands, but did not attempt to speak. Poor William was in such distress for his brother, that he came and whispered to his uncle, and begged that he would not say any more about it.

His uncle said, I am sorry to give you pain, William, but such conduct deserves to be exposed; I will save your brother any further reproof, however, for your sake. We will leave him to his own thoughts at present, and to-morrow he shall be sent home, as too naughty a boy for me to keep in my house. Come up stairs, my little fellows, added he to the little boys who sat round the table; the magic lantern is ready for us, and we may enjoy ourselves; for we have neither been cheats nor gluttons.

Richard thought he could never be sorry enough for what he had done. Again and again he resolved he would never more allow a love of eating to tempt him

to do what was wrong ; for, said he, the pleasure of eating the nicest thing in the world is soon over, but the pain that is caused by being naughty lasts for many—many days.

THE END.

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